

THE RADIONIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by SENIOR CLASS of JONES COUNTY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL

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Number 2

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

I

Christ used to be like you and me,
When just a lad in Galilee,—
So when we pray, on Christmas Day
He favors first the prayers we say;
Then waste no tear, but pray with cheer,
This gladdest day of all the year.

II

O Brother of birth Divine,
Upon this natal day of Thine
Bear with our stress of happiness,
Nor count our reverence the less
Because with glee and jubilee
Our hearts go singing up to Thee.

CHRISTMAS
EDITION

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Themes on Courtesy by Students of the A. H. S.

COURTESY

The true meaning of courtesy is, politeness, and politeness, is to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way. There are few people who realize the real value of courtesy. It is possessed by few and those who do possess it are those who attain the highest places in life. There are several reasons for this, and one, is because courtesy ascends, where discourtesy and impoliteness, descends. It is that element that raises man above the level of the uncivilized savage. It goes a long way toward making one's way in the world. If a position is desired one of the first requisites is courtesy.

For example: A young man applied for a position, as a clerk in a store. While he was waiting in the office, an old man came in and as the only chair in the room was occupied by this boy, he had to stand. As soon as the boy perceived the old gentleman's presence, he jumped up and gave him his chair. By this act he showed that he was truly courteous. An unforgivable act is to treat old people disrespectfully, and no boy or girl who is considerate of other and is truly courteous, will overlook this fact. The manager where the boy applied for the position took note of this little kindness, the boy had shown the old man, and gave him the position he desired.

A basis of all good manners and courtesies is a warm feeling toward mankind in general, a philanthropist can be depended upon to be courteous, but this is not true with an egotistical person. If everyone were truly courteous to every person he came in contact with, there would be less unhappiness in the world at large.

WINNIE TAYLOR. '26.

COURTESY

True courtesy is not merely politeness. It is the good breeding that people show in everyday life. Courtesy can not be put on without seeming effectiveness when it is left off at home. Courtesy is not only good manners, but

it is the doing of the smallest tasks in the kindest way. It helps to smooth out the rough places in life, and makes friends instead of enemies. To be courteous in many ways in seeking self praise, but the truly courteous one does some little act in such a way that he is not noticed until after it is done. The courteous person is the one who, out in life, advances higher than the discourteous, and his work is more appreciated. The boy or girl who goes out to find work always finds that it is the most courteous boy or girl that all who employ workers always prefer.

"How sweet and gracious even in common speech,

"Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!"

VELMA SANFORD. '26.

COURTESY

A great man once said that courtesy was a natural product of higher civilization.

While I shall not attempt to criticize his statement, yet I may not accept his statement without some reservations.

I may say that the world at this time is at the highest point of civilization that it has ever reached.

Yet it is apparent that our courtesy today is far from reaching that plane of perfection which it maintained a decade ago. Many arguments have been brought forth as to the why and wherefore of our decline in courtesy. Chief among these arguments is hurry.

They say that we have no time for courtesy in the rush of today. If we can find no time for those pleasant little acts of kindness which enabled us to hold our places proudly at the head of civilization, then where did our grandsires find time for them, amid their toil in making a country?

It is doubtful if many of us could behave courteously as did our grandsires. Great credit belongs to them, for they set the moral standard for the world.

Scarcely less do our parents deserve praise. Their courtesy was far more

complete than ours is. What are the reasons for our decline? I cannot say, for I am not sufficiently well informed as to conditions today. I place great blame for the decline of courtesy upon the "flapper" of today. Scarcely less do I blame the "jelly bean," who pairs off with the flapper. With such a pair, courtesy is not possible.

Substantial proof of this is easily obtainable.

We are witnesses of the gradual decline of courtesy. Shall courtesy be extinct within a few generations?

Let us place the blame on our shoulders, if we foretell this event. For we shall mould the characters of the coming generation. There is no doubt that the morale of our people falls in the same degree as does courtesy. I dare predict that, with the fall of courtesy, right morals shall exist no more.

I should like to personally plead with every boy and girl to uphold the moral standard of our nation. For when courtesy dies, morals die, and when morals cease, a nation dies. God forbid it!

GEORGE H. HEARN. '24.

COURTESY

Courtesy is an element that every one's character should possess. In saying that a person is courteous, we mean to say that he is a perfect gentleman or lady. One can not be a truly courteous without being kind and true, having self respect and respect for others. When one is courteous we know him to be one that minds his own affairs. He never bothers about his friends' affairs unless his help is called for and then he offers all assistance that he can render in making his friend happy. He is able to meet his own troubles with a hearty spirit and seems to put the saying into practice that it takes eleven muscles to smile and twenty-two to frown.

If he meets an old man or lady crossing the streets he offers his assistance for his thoughts go forward to the day when his mother and father will be old and gray and how he would appreciate

it for some young man to watch and care for them while he is away.

The meaning of true courtesy will never be fully explained for it means more than human nature can express. But courtesy is all that I have written and more.

Mary Pickering '27

PERSEVERANCE

Perhaps most of us, now in the early part of our lives, have made a habit of quitting and depending on the other fellow, especially to get our lessons up for us. Generally, we do this because of our lack of self-confidence. It seems foolish for us to have more confidence in our friends than we have in ourselves but in most cases when we give up and depend on the other fellow, we do not know how to do what we are trying to do. In such cases, perseverance will help us to master our work.

In all walks of life perseverance wins. This can be more easily seen in athletics more than in any other place, because the quitter loses and the fighter wins.

The independence of this great nation of ours would probably never have been won from the Mother country, if it had not been for the perseverance of our very efficient general, George Washington.

The perseverance of scientists and inventors have made this world a more pleasant place and enlightened its inhabitants with the telephone, telegraph, steam engine, electric motor and many other conveniences.

There are Bell, Wright, Stevenson, Watt, Morse, Fulton and others who, with perseverance, have helped us in many ways besides leading themselves to fame and fortune. Who knows but what you or I will be an inventor or a scientist. Nothing except time with the aid of perseverance can tell. What else can we expect but failure in later life, if we do not persevere. How shall we train our minds and how shall we accomplish what is expected of us, if perseverance is not first and foremost in our minds and hearts.

A good many lessons may be learned from the following poem:

—Allen G. Jones

A DAY THAT WAS NOT PERFECT

A dear little girl by the name of Annie lived with her mother and father in the little town of Greenville. Her par-

ents were very poor and it seemed as though everything went against them. Annie was a very pretty child, having yellow curly hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. She was six years of age and just the age when a child enjoys its school life more than any other time in its life, and every day she had to be absent from school she would cry as though her poor heart would break.

Annie's parents had very poor health, her father having a very serious case of tuberculosis, and her mother heart trouble. Due to the ill health of her parents, Annie was forced to be absent from school, at least two weeks out of each month and the school she attended only lasted six months, so of course her education was very limited.

One day in the summer of nineteen hundred and seven Annie was permitted to go with some of the nearby neighbors out in the woods on a picnic. She was so delighted over this trip until she hardly knew what to do. On the morning that Annie was to go on the picnic, she was out of bed and dressed by seven o'clock. She had very few clothes, but what she had were very neat and attractive. On this special occasion she put on a little blue and white checked gingham apron, and one could imagine the happy child so neat and pretty romping around the house and waiting for the party to come by for her.

About ten o'clock the child saw the crowd approaching. She was so happy until she could not wait for them, so she ran out the gate to meet them.

When the crowd approached the house Annie ran through the yard into the house and bade her mother and father goodbye by laying her arms around their necks and kissing them.

While Annie was away on the picnic her mother was seized by a sudden illness and before the father could call a doctor, she was in a dying condition. About four o'clock the doctor arrived, but he was too late, for as he entered the door the dear mother drew her last breath.

When Annie reached home about five o'clock, she was so happy until she was singing the old song Annie Laurie, but as she looked about the home and could not see her mother anywhere, she was very frightened.

She pushed the door open and walked in, and when she saw the state of affairs she fell to her knees at the foot of her

mother's bed. She threw her hands and cried aloud: "Oh God, have mercy upon me, on this imperfect day."

PAULINE SCOGGINS '21

THE TIME I TRIED TO USE A NEW WORD

When my sister, Nina, finished college and returned home, I was a boy of seven. To me she seemed to know everything, and I delighted to hear her use large words which no one in the family knew the meaning of herself.

One day I told her I knew a funny story. She immediately asked me to tell it to her—I complied, and when I had finished, she said: "You shouldn't call that a story. That's an anecdote."

Anecdote indeed? I had never heard the word before and had not the slightest idea of its meaning. But Nina said it was an anecdote and she knew. So I resolved that whenever I had occasion to use the word, story, I would substitute anecdote and thus show my knowledge.

Next day I went with Nina to pay a visit to a neighbor. When we came within sight of the house, I was impressed with its height.

"Why," said I, "Mr. Brown's house is two anecdotes high."

"Oh no, buddy, you got wrong this time," said my sister, laughing.

Nina told my ridiculous error to the family we were visiting and the result was, I was so much teased that I resolved that in the future I would not use a new word until I was absolutely sure of its meaning.

MAURICE PRICE '25

Miss Foote—"How many of my scholars can remember the longest sentence they ever read?"

Homer Lewis—"I can."

"What, is there only one?" "Well, Homer, you can tell the class the longest sentence you ever read."

"Imprisonment for life."

We would like to pull that one about the mouse trap but it's too snappy to tell.

"Was your husband cool when the burglar broke in your house?" asked Miss Harris.

"Cool" replied Mrs. Bush, "why he shivered all over."

UNDESERVED PRAISE

By Lucy Moore

In a certain town there once lived two young men. One, Dick Herrington, was the only son of wealthy parents and consequently everything that love could give and money could buy was lavished upon him. The other boy, Jack Stafford, was the eldest son of a family of six. His father was dead and Jack was looked upon as the main support of the family.

The two boys finished grammar school at about the same age. Dick was sent to college and lead a careless, selfish life as he had always done. Jack, stayed at home, toiled from sun-up until sun-down to support his invalid mother, four sisters and little brother. At night he often studied until the clock struck the late hour of twelve or the early morning hour of one. "Great heights, by great men won and kept, was not attained by sudden flight but he while his companions slept went toiling upward in the night," was the motto that often rang within his soul. Thus he toiled on.

As the years passed Jack's mother grew more helpless and at last died, leaving Jack and the other children friendless, penniless orphans. Two of the girls secured positions as teachers in the town school, then came the opportunity of Jack's life. His uncle took his other sister and little brother in his home and Jack was left free to work his way through college.

In the meantime Dick had finished at college and was then on a tour in Europe. The townpeople praised him for completing his college career so early and looked forward to the time when Dick should come to live in their midst. At last he came, on the day Jack was to leave for college. Poor Jack, there was no one to care whether he made a success or failure. No one had even given him a word of praise. No one thought of how he had longed for Dick's opportunity to go to college, yet had sacrificed even the privilege of working his way through, to care for his mother. He stood on the platform at the station and heard the many words of praise and congratulations showered upon Dick and in his manly heart wondered why men's hearts could be so easily won with gold.

At college Jack put his life into his work and determined that some day he would make a man his home town would be proud to own. He received letters from home full of praise for Dick Her-

rington, telling how he gave to the poor and did many other seemingly charitable acts. Jack was proud to hear that Dick was doing so well and he thought with happiness how he should one day help his people too.

At last his four years of college life were over and he received his diploma with honors. He at once started on his journey home. As the train pulled in at the station, he thought with a sigh that there would be no one to welcome him as Dick had been welcomed. His little brother was there and received him joyfully. A few others smiled a greeting upon him, but Jack could not help thinking how different had been Dick's home coming. He smiled though and listened to his brother's eager chatter. In his brain there was a wonderful scheme to put up a great manufacturing plant that would help his people and make a great city of the little town. Jack loved his people and his town, no matter how much he had been snobbed and forgotten.

A few days after his return he met Dick on the streets. They walked along together for some time and Jack, who was eager to confide his great scheme to some one, told Dick of his wonderful plan; told him how he had toiled and planned through the late hours of night while in college to try to eliminate every flaw that might hinder its progress. Dick's eyes gleamed with a sudden light as he listened. He patted Jack on the back and told him it was a great scheme, but it would not work in their town. A few days later Jack was in town again and was surprised to see carloads of machinery coming in. He inquired of a citizen what it meant. The man looked at him in surprise and asked if he had not heard of Dick Herrington's great manufacturing plant. Jack turned pale, and replied that he had not. The man explained everything and praised Dick for his wonderful mind. Jack turned away sick at heart with a great doubt in his mind for Dick's honesty. He needed to ask no more questions to know that Dick Herrington was using his own plan and putting in the plant that he would never have thought of had he not confided the plan to him. He was a poor boy, what could he do against unprincipled Dick who had money and influence? He went to Dick, pleaded with him not to ruin his life by this dishonest act. The selfish Dick looked at Jack and said: "You are the

son of a peddler Jack, this scheme is too big for you."

"Yes," replied Jack hotly, "I am the son of a peddler. You are the son of honored parents. Yet your life shall be a failure if you persist in doing this thing to ruin my life. If the honor of my family begins with me, that of yours shall end with you. No man deserves to be crowned with success who lives for praise and gold and thus makes his life a living lie. He who lives for praise is like an empty nut shell and he who lives only to accumulate money is always a failure. The world is never bettered for his having lived in it. There is no flesh in your heart. You worship no God but gold and the fathom of praise. You have never known what it is to want, suffer, bear disappointment. I have never known anything else. Yet go your way and I shall go mine. Some day you shall be sorry for this act."

Dick stood for a moment looking thoughtfully at Jack. At first doubt, then shame swept over his face and he said: "Jack, forgive me. I have been a brute, a coward, a scoundrel, a vain nothing, puffed up on praise, gold and the honor of my father's name. Every seemingly noble act I ever did, I did it, not because I loved those I did it for, but simply to win praise. I deserved none of it, you are the one who deserves all the praise. You have toiled, struggled with poverty and every adverse circumstance and won over it all. I have been petted, loved, given everything that money could buy. It has done nothing but make a scoundrel of me. Forgive me Jack and accept as a gift all my machinery to put in your plant and I will stand by you, so help me God."

Jack could hardly believe what he had heard. He clasped Dick's hand and tears of joy ran down his cheek.

"Dick," he said, "perhaps you have never deserved praise before, but to-day you have found your real self that has all these years been covered in degrading gold and vanity, for this, you deserve praise. I forgive you and I want you for my partner in business."

So the story ends and real life begins. The two young men together put up one of the greatest manufacturing plants in the state. Their town grew to be a great city and their names were sounded in praise all over the land. Thus praise undeserved, when shown its shallow emptiness turned the heart of the man and made him worthy of praise.

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"For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

Luke 2:11

Catch the Christmas Spirit—

Let's go home and have a good time. First think upon what a good time at Christmas time is. Of course few young men, as of old, are anxious to profane such a sacred day by imbibing poisonous liquors. The meaning of the day has a new interpretation in the minds of most people. Instead of spending it in hilarious desecration, they are content in perpetuating the principles of the one whose birth the day represents. To what do we look forward most at this time of the year? Is it the many nice things we have to eat? Is it to let the tension of toil and care relax, and rest awhile? Are we anxious to get away from the noise of traffic and out of the swirl? Do we long to welcome visitors and receive the many beautiful gifts from our friends and loved ones? All of these indeed bring increased joy to our lives and make the day one to be longed for by anyone. But, do we count the satisfaction of our own selfish desires a good time—alone? Is there any other way to happiness than this? Yes—there are those who will not enjoy many of the above mentioned pleasures unless someone is mindful of them. Therefore

it behooves us to make others happy by serving them and thus gain happiness for our ourselves. For wherever a human being exists there is an opportunity to do a kindness. Cheer others by being cheerful, for who can resist the beams of a beaming face.

We should meditate upon the ways we can make others happy. Are there any sad and griefstricken people in your community? Can you lend them a helping hand? Are there old, feeble and infirm men and women in your town on whom you can let the glow of the joy of your own young life shine upon? They feel neglected, and a little token given by a smiling young person would bring unspeakable joy to their lives. Perhaps you can go on Christmas morning to their homes and sing a Christmas song or take the Bible and read the Christmas story to them. How about the sick boy or the crippled girl over yonder? Is there not something you can do to drive away sadness and gloom? Is there a poor and needy family in your community that you could help. Then divide your bounty and help lift the cloud for in so doing you will make some one happy. Then let us not be inconsiderate of and indifferent toward the less fortunate. But would rather make them happy by some kind deed or word, and surely we shall return after the holidays with this thought in mind. "I had a happy time during the holidays."

COURTESY WEEK

The week of December 9 to 16 was our National Courtesy week. One of the things the English teachers did to remind us of it was to have us write a theme on Courtesy. This was helpful. It caused more of us to think of the value of Courtesy. In other columns there are some of these themes. Do well and read them. And do better by living out their teachings by practicing politeness, not only one week but fifty-two weeks in the year. You will be glad.

QUESTION PAGE

We have planned for and announced to all the teachers of the county that we are to have in the next issue a question page. The idea is furnish information which will be helpful to the school teachers. If you have a problem which you desire to be solved, just send it in and effort will be made to give the information you need. We hope that this

will be helpful to the teachers and that it will if they will only use it as it is intended.

NEW ADVERTISING MANAGER

Our very efficient advertising manager, Jimmy Edwards, has withdrawn from school to accept a position. retirement leaves vacant the responsible position of advertising manager at a meeting of the editorial staff, Lundy was elected to fill this place. We feel sure that A. J. will make as he is a hard worker and will do his part. So let's co-operate with A. J. in his new work.

We hope to hear from some of our alumnae before time for our next issue. If you have any word for or against the paper let us hear from you. If you wish to speak to the old friends and classmates, write it and we shall be glad to give you space in the paper to do so. Help us make the "Radionian" a better while paper and through it we shall unite our folk and know each other better.

President Coolidge in his speech to Congress said that he thinks a good American citizen is one who not only obeys the law but lets others know he is opposed to its violation. It might it be said that a good school citizen is one who not only complies with the regulations of the school, but also to help his school mate do likewise.

For some reason failure was made to give the name of our directress in the first issue. Miss Eaton, one of our English teachers is really responsible for the beginning of the paper's publication and she is ever ready to meet with the staff and help whenever we need it.

ANOTHER SHORT STORY

Her head was resting on the back of the chair. The dark lashes which framed her violet eyes were wet with tears. He leaned over her. He could feel her hot breath which came in short gasps. He placed one hand on her smooth, white forehead. He caught hold of her arm with the other. She struggled frantically, desperately, to free herself, but an overpowering strength held her still. At last a short, quick struggle and—out," said the dentist to the child.

SPORTS at the A. H. S.

"FIGURES NEVER LIE"

Columbia High beat Mendenhall 32 to 0.

Columbia High beat Columbia Industrial school 6 to 0.

The Aggies beat Industrial school 34 to 0.

A. H. S. is 28 points better than Columbia High and 60 points better than Mendenhall.

Clarke College beat Mendenhall 34 to 0.

Clarke College tied Milsaps 0 to 0.

A. & M. beat Milsaps 26 to 6.

A. H. S. is 6 points better than A. & M.

A. & M. tied Vanderbilt 0 to 0.

Michigan beat Vanderbilt 3 to 0.

Then A. H. S. is 3 points better than Michigan.

Michigan tied Illinois for championship of the Big Ten of which Nebraska is a member. Therefore Michigan is better than Nebraska, who beat Notre Dame by a decisive score. Notre Dame has hung many scalps to their belt this season, the more prominent being the Navy, Princeton and our own Georgia Tech.

20 MEN RECEIVE

FOOTBALL LETTERS

The following names were read in chapel Tuesday morning as the men who would receive the coveted "J".

Henry Howard (c), Leo Jordan, Gaither Strange, Earl Bryant, Myer Ruffin, Carl Brown, Bert Taylor, Jimmy Edwards, Homer Lewis, Clay Ingram, Paul Graves, Cleveland Boyce, Odea Evans (captain-elect).

HUB CITY TIGERS

DEFEAT AGGIES 7 TO 6

Rainy weather having prevailed most of the week up to Thanksgiving day, it was very doubtful as to whether or not the game would be played, but about 10 o'clock, we received the message that the field was o. k. There was much rejoicing in the camp of the Aggies. So we departed directly after a nice Thanksgiving dinner and we have Gater Strange's word for it that the trip was

made in record time. On account of the threatening weather the followers of the Aggies were fewer than had been expected to come. But the ones that were there backed their team to the last.

We received the kickoff, but there were few substantial gains in the first quarter and after a series of line bucks and runs the Aggies carried the ball over in the second quarter. We failed to kick goal, but after that, three Hattiesburg men were off-side, but left it to the head linesman to call. This point would have tied the score. The half ended without further scoring.

In the second half Hattiesburg came back with the fight and scored in the third quarter, but not without a stiff fight. A minute later they kicked goal, taking the lead 7 to 6. The remainder of the game was spent mostly in kicking. The game ended with the Aggies in possession of the ball 20 yards from goal line.

The feature of the game was the playing of Strange for the Aggies and Batten for the Tigers. These men carried over the ball for both touchdowns. The Tigers failed to complete a single pass while the Aggies completed 3 out of 4 and intercepted 2.

It was a great game with honors nearly evenly distributed and it is to be regretted that the officials were not more on their job.

BASKET BALL

With the end of football season and the coming of the spirit of the holidays, our thoughts turn to basket ball. For over a month some of the boys have been going out to build up their wind and to get the range, but Coach Boyd sent his official call for candidates for berths on the coveted squad to meet him on the court Monday afternoon. An unusually large squad greeted him and with only one letter man returning, Captain Strange, he will have quite a job to pick a team as there seems to be a wealth of nice material. At this time, it is impossible to get a line on them, but we hear strange sounds of Strange doing out their way and don't believe

that it is all 'nigger luck,' as some one has prophesied. The schedule is unavailable at this time, but watch these columns for it.

FOOTBALL

Everybody is venturing his opinion and no two have the same opinion as regards class football. Everyone is pulling for his or her team and class spirit is running riot.

There were mummerings and strange tales afloat about last year's game before the football season was over and the seniors and sophomores challenge the juniors and freshmen to a game. This challenge was eagerly accepted, and on this short notice the coaches are busily whipping their respective teams into shape for the game of games is to come off Thursday.

Just a word explaining rules of the class game. No one is allowed to play who went out for football this season and someone has (very wisely) called it "refined wildcat".

Both teams are confident of victory and there is much speculation. There are quite a number out for both teams and it will be a difficult matter to pick a team in so short a time. But everyone is expecting to star in the game so we can only wait, for the last laugh is always the best.

LOOKING FORWARD

At a meeting of football men, Coach Boyd asked the men whom they wanted for captain next season. Although they voted by secret ballot, the answer was as one loud voice, Odea Evans, and so he was declared captain. The choice was under a wise one and the fighting spirit of Odea will surely lead the team to victory. Captain Evans will have with him 8 letter men around which to build a team. So we are looking forward to a grand and glorious season.

The Aggies played 8 regular scheduled games, winning 5, lost 2, tied 1. Taking everything into consideration this was an enviable record and my pen can hardly do justice to the team and professor Boyd. Injuries have come at the worst possible moments and to crown it all, Professor Boyd was operated on a week before the Hattiesburg game and this hurt the team very greatly. Our boys fought a great fight and

were in the most part victorious and they are to be commended for great work on all occasions. The work of Captain Henry (Blondy) Howard did not always come as a feature of the game to outsiders, but his handling of the team was responsible for the good showing that they made and it is with regret that we learn that he will not be out for football next season, but will keep himself in shape for baseball. Although this is to be regretted, we are sure that Blondy has chosen wisely.

I wish space would permit me to mention everyone, but let this be said: You fought a good fight, and the honors which are many are justly yours.

KEEP A GOIN'

When you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a goin'!
When it hails or if it snows
Keep a goin'!
When aint no use to sit and whine
When the fish aint on your line
When you hook and keep on trpin'
Keep a goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a goin'!
When you tumble from the top
Keep a goin'!
When you're out of every dime,
When you're broke aint no crime,
When the world you're feeling prime
Keep a goin'!

When it looks like all is up
Keep a goin'!
When you rain the sweetness from the cup
Keep a goin'!
When you hear the wild birds on the wing
When you hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin'—sing,
Keep a goin'!

—Frank L. Stanton

"Watch your step, Miss," said the inductor.
"It isn't necessary," snapped the girl.
Those Laurel boys on the curb are doing it for me."

Mr. Moody—"when the eyes are shut, a breathing becomes more acute."
Walter Cook—"I have noticed people dying this experiment in church."

Some one asked a freshman if he took bath this morning, and he replied: "No, is there one missing?"

IN BETHLEHEM A SAVIOR WAS BORN

It was on that silent night
A few hours before the moon,
There in the manger in Bethlehem
Jesus, the Savior, was born.

An angel of the Lord appeared,
To the Shepherds with the news,
He told them that on that night
Was born the king of the Jews.

The wise men came to see this child,
The Fairest on the earth;
They worshipped Him, gave Him gifts,
Of Frankincense and Myrrh.

Old Herod then, the wicked king,
Was troubled just to know
If he were to make Hosannas ring,
Or kill the God below.

Then king Herod, when he was mocked,
Of the wise men, brave and true,
Sent forth his servants into the land
And all the children slew.

But good old Joseph, warned of God,
Then into Egypt fled,
And thus he thereby did fulfill
The things the prophets said.

And when king Herod, firm in plan,
Yielded himself to death,
Then Joseph came back into the land
And dwelt in Nazareth.

And there the child into manhood grew,
Humble and meek was He,
'Tis an old, old story, and yet so new,
A man who could make men free.

And of necessity He did suffer;
Though one of the God-head-three,
He groaned in agony upon that cross,
And died for you and me.

O, Blessed assurance we have to-day,
This one great hope remains,
To this old earth without delay
Jesus will come again.

He will gladly receive us to that home,
His glory-circled throne,
And there we shall forever rejoice,
For in Bethlehem a Savior was born.
—Harrison Eddy '35

Some of us passed in spite of the "secret" slogan of the teachers: "They shall not pass."

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We Solicit Your Patronage and Invite
You to Call Again.

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A WAYSIDE CHRISTMAS

By Marion Grayson
Part I

Christmas tide was drawing near. The north wind blew through the bare branches of the trees, and bedraggled gray clouds sent gusty showers of rain, and now and then scattered enough to let the pale winter sunshine through.

At "Little Wayside Farmhouse" matters were almost as unsettled as the weather. Anna Lee Albertson was still standing her ground, after years of fighting her family. Anna Lee at thirty-five had arrived at her goal of success, though she was rather poor. Anna Lee had once decided that she was gifted as a writer. Her attempts did not justify her ambition and in defending herself, she had proved that she really was. The family did not question that at all, but what they objected to was Anna Lee's fulfilling her heart's desire, which had been secondary in her ambition. Anna Lee had brought a bit of land, on which were a hillside, a creek, four ancient water oaks, and an open grove of oaks and pines, not more than a mile from her home. She had planned a home of her own, and built it under the four huge water oaks. The family could not understand why, and for years Anna Lee had tried to explain. Just now she was standing before a big open fireplace in a long room and library, and facing her mother, sitting in a comfortable rocking chair. Anna Lee laughingly said, "Oh Mamma, postpone the argument, and let me tell you the wonderful plan that has been buzzing in my brain for days!"

"I always give over to you," said Mrs. Albertson, "Remember you are not to upset our Christmas plans. You are going to spend Christmas with us."

"No, it's nothing like that. That is all settled. You'll laugh, but this is what it is. Do you remember Mrs. Welch?"

"Yes, what about her?"

"All right, she has had many hard knocks this fall and winter, since Mr. Welch died. He left them scarcely anything. Then their house burned about a month ago, and now she and the four little children live in a miserable old house, just outside of town. I know everybody thought they were made comfortable, but I went there not long ago, and saw it all. They are just shoved out of the way to be forgotten. Well, I'm not going to forget them, or let

other people forget. I have asked Mrs. Welch to give us a party!"

Anna Lee wound up rather excitedly. Her cheeks were pink and her brown eyes sparkled. She was light of weight, and had black-brown hair, which had not been bobbed in the bobbing age.

"Well, you have just been talking about Mrs. Welch's house, how do you think she can give a party in it?" said Mrs. Albertson, "What silly idea will you think of next?"

"Mamma, you have missed the whole idea," said Anna Lee seriously, "I'm disappointed I'm going to spend my Christmas with you, and Mrs. Welch is going to spend her Christmas here. On Christmas Eve she will give a party!"

"Oh! I never heard of such a thing!" said Mrs. Albertson, much surprised. "But if you have already started it, you will have to go through with it."

"Yes indeed!" said Anna Lee cheerfully, "Our family and a number of our friends are invited even old Judge Cathrob. They will all come too, and I'm going to make them stand by Evelyn as they should!"

"All right dear," said her mother indulgently, "We will come and do our part."

Part II

Two days before Christmas, Lee went to bring her guests in a battered old Ford, which was jestingly called the "The Limousine." The little guests were bright faced youngsters, in much washed and ironed clothes, were waiting for her at the gate of their home. Rob and Tom were 8 and 10 respectively, and Lois and Bess, four and six respectively. At the door Anna Lee was greeted by their mother, who was a dark woman worn by the care of the family.

"Oh, Anna Lee!" she cried, "I hav'nt decided yet whether to go or not. The children are just wild about it. But it doesn't seem right." She ended hesitatingly.

"Stuff and Nonsense!" said Anna Lee gayly, "Get your things and we'll be off."

When the children were packed in the back seat, and Mrs. Welch and Anna Lee in the front, they drove recklessly to "Wayside Farmhouse." Anna Lee hustled them out, and scattered the children saying "Take the place here and have a jolly old time," and turning to Mrs. Welch, she said, "That includes you too, Evelyn. I'll show you around inside. Julie will do all the cooking and

housework, I have already given her instructions."

Anna Lee was loathe to leave. She wanted to stay and share their pleasure. She drove slowly back to town. On the streets she hailed her friends, and aroused their curiosity about the Mrs. Welch's party. "I'm not having a thing to do with it," she told them, "I'm going as a mere guest."

The next morning, in spite of her determination not to, Anna Lee went out to "Wayside Farmhouse." She had borrowed a short ax, a horse and wagon. At the gate she called the children to come and go get a Christmas tree. They piled into the wagon, and waving goodbye to Mrs. Welch, drove away to the woods. They chopped a small holly tree for the living room, and gathered mistletoe with its pearly mist of berries. Then they hunted for turkey berries down under the fallen leaves. With the wagon loaded with evergreens, they went home. Anna Lee helped unload, but would not stay to decorate. She pretended that she did not have time. She assured Mrs. Welch that she would be promptly on time for the party that night. Soon she drove home. For the remainder of the day, she wandered restlessly and aimlessly amid the Christmas bustle and stir of the family. She was not allowed to help do this, or that thing and time dragged on into evening.

At six o'clock, Anna Lee with her father, mother, Elsie and her husband and her brother, Dick, home for the holidays, were speeding in the big family car, out to the "Wayside Farmhouse." Anna Lee was silently thinking that she was having the best Xmas of all, as she watched the black road lighting up ahead. When they arrived, there were several cars standing near the gate, and more cars were following. Anna Lee led the way, and Mrs. Welch met them at the door, in a simple black dress.

"Anna Lee, you must help me!" she whispered, pressing her hand.

"Never fear Evelyn. I knew I could depend on you," said Anna Lee. She stepped back to watch her mother. Mrs. Albertson was very natural in greeting her, and Anna Lee knew all would be well.

"Come and see the Christmas tree!" piped a voice at her side. She looked down and saw Tommy and Rob dressed as little pages.

"Where is it?" she asked. Tommy led the way. The tree, gayly festooned, and

ghted with small candles, stood in one end of the living room. Many presents were on the tree and under it. Near by and still admiring it, were Lois and Bess. "Is'nt it lovely?" murmured Anna Lee.

Soon all the guests had arrived. They were Anna Lee's and Dick's friends and their father's and mother's friend. Judge Cathrob was unanimously elected Santa Claus and presented with his costume. He donned it with great dignity, and proceeded to distribute gifts amid the laughter. The dinner came next. All the ladies drew for their partners and marched into the dining room. The table was fixed for a buffet dinner, and lighted with candles, and the centerpiece was a low bowl of turkey berries, rich, dark green leaves, and shining red berries. The guests helped themselves and Julie, running and jolly, poured coffee and cocoa.

Anna Lee, paired off with Judge Cathrob, watched Mrs. Welch and her father. "Evelyn is having a wonderful time," he observed to the Judge. "Did you know we used to be schoolmates?"

"Yes," said the Judge, "Quite a long time ago was'nt it?"

"Years and years," said Anna Lee. "And she is just as clever as she used to be. She is a wonderful manager. I don't see how she has done it in her circumstances. Aren't the decorations lovely?"

"Very lovely," agreed Judge Cathrob. "Who was doing some deep thinking. 'I certainly enjoy all this. You know my housekeeper left sometime ago. Now I wonder—' he stopped.

"No Judge Cathrob," said Anna Lee. "You know she would'nt."

The topic was dropped, but as the evening progressed, the Judge became thoughtful. Back in the living room, Robbie and Tom chanted a Christmas Carol to their mother's accompaniment on the piano and received great applause and praise. The party settled down to a grown-up party, and Anna Lee asked to be allowed to put the children to bed. This could not be accomplished until Anna Lee had told them a Christmas story, and helped hang up their stockings. When they were tucked snugly in their beds, Anna Lee stood by a window watching a big yellow star winking at her through the bare limbs of the oaks. "I wonder," she thought, "If I've been stupid and accomplished nothing by this party."

But Judge Cathrob and Mrs. Welch, also standing by a window, below, were thinking in their separate minds, that she had accomplished more than she would ever know.

OVERHEARD IN THE STREET CAR

On the Saturday of December 15, 1917, I was in the suburb districts of Chicago. About two o'clock that afternoon I caught the street car to go up town. I took the first vacant seat and noticed that just ahead of me were two men in close conversation. The men spoke in an undertone so that it was impossible to hear all they said. Naturally, I was inclined to hear what they were saying, but try as I might I could only hear a few broken statements. "Tonight" says one. "Is an ideal time". Here I did not catch all that followed, but only heard a few scattering words.

"On vacation—new watchman—easy work—combination—easy get-a-way," continued the man as I caught the word.

The other replied, "Well, tonight—twelve-thirty - - - main street - - - dark lanterns."

From what I heard I knew the men were planning some mischief, but try as I might I could not make anything out of the words. I said them over and over in my mind, but I could not make anything of them.

When I reached town I did not think of the words any more for quite awhile. About the time I was ready to return I thought again of what I had heard but still I did not understand. After awhile I decided to tell the detective, J. R. Roberts what I had heard and see if he could make anything out of the words that had been a mystery to me.

I entered the office of the detective and found it vacant except for the detective himself. Here I told him as briefly as possible what I had heard in the street car. He listened with interest until I had finished. He then said "Twelve-thirty on Main Street. There's plenty of time yet. It is only ten now. "He sat for a few minutes and then said, "You have given me a valuable bit of conversation and if I succeed I will see that you are paid by the Detective Agency of Chicago."

After a few other remarks I left the office and returned to my lodge.

Next morning I was somewhat surprised when I opened a letter at breakfast and found a check for two hundred

and fifty dollars from the detective agency and a personal letter from Detective Roberts explaining how the money I had overheard on the street car was caught in the act of robbing the First National Bank.

JOHN SIMMONS, '20

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Reports on the Work of the Classes

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior class of 1924-25 held its first meeting September 15. The importance of this meeting was the election of all class officers. Every member was satisfied with this meeting as it resulted in the election of the following officers: Allen Jones, president, Molloy Halkert, vice president, Annele Jordan, Secretary and Treasurer. The class values highly the sponsors, who are: Mrs. M. P. Bush and Miss Jones. The following members were appointed as the program committee to assist in the preparation of our programs: Cema Gandy, A. J. Lundy, Annele Jordan, Virginia Clarke, Jack Fatheree and Allen Jones.

Our class has given one program since the last edition of our paper. It was a very pretty Thanksgiving program. It consisted of the play "Hiwatha" by: Jewelle Speed, Roy Dixon, Virginia Clarke, Horace Crosby, John Elliot and John Sharp Ellis. The play, "John Alden and Priscilla," by Horace Headrick, Jack Fatheree, Vivian Allen, Clinton Beech, and Coyt Blackwell. Between these two scenes, Lucy Moore gave an epilogue on Pilgrim Days. At the last all were assembled on the stage and Clara D. McLeod gave an epilogue on Columbia.

The Senior class was highly entertained by the Sophomores by a party given in our honor. We want to assure them that we had a real nice time.

The class rings have come and nearly every Senior proudly wears a ring. And should they not be proud? We hope to make this the largest class that ever graduated in the J. C. A. H. S. We want to impress upon our school mates the importance of being a senior by making good in our school work, and setting a good example to all.

A member of our class, Jewel Speed, wrote the following poem. It is very good and deserves special notice.

JUNIOR CLASS

During the last few months the Junior Class has been faithfully toiling over our English and Math; even burning midnight oil, if we found it necessary, to aid us, but with the Christmas season drawing so near, it seems rather hard to turn our thoughts from the happy days ahead of lessons. Nevertheless we do not intend to become black heads and if a Junior boy or girl suddenly appears uninterested in his classes and

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 24'

Hail to the Class of 24',
The largest and best of ever before,
We fight for our rep, and keep our pep
For the honorable class of 24',
We've had four years of toil and strife,
To climb for higher things in life,
No easy job for us its been,
To pass our exams and enter in
The honorable class of 24'

Four years ago, we started out,
Altho' very rugged, we kept our route;
Out of the Freshman Class we went,
Into the Sophomore class were sent,
We were all so happy, not the least bit
sore

To enter the class called Sophomore
No happier crowd has ever been,
Than we, who climbed to enter in
The honorable class of 24'

When we were Juniors, we did not stop,
For we wanted to reach the things on
top.

We worked our hardest, and did our
best,

Although on top, we did not rest
We work much harder than ever before
For the honorable class of 24'

We're not at all so very good - looking,
But as a class, we're all time working,
We'll always love and honor our class,
We'll honor it more if we only pass

We hope in May, we all can say,

"I was a graduate of 24'

By Jewell Speed—Senior

sits motionless with that dreamy far
away look in his eyes, we trust that the
teachers will understand what is the
matter and not be too hard on him.

December 11th is the day of the year
on which Mississippi became a state.
Our last Junior program, given Friday,
December 7th, was a "Mississippi Day"
program. It consisted of two choruses,
the song, "Bonnie Blue Flag" and a very
interesting and instructive talk on Mis-
sissippi by Reverend J. B. Cain. In this
talk our attention was brought to the
first settlements of the state, the parts
of the county in which first churches
were founded, our great statesmen and
writers, and, last of all, we were made
to see what a wonderful heritage the
people of Mississippi possess, and what
a splendid opportunity we have to ac-
complish even greater things than did
our noble forefathers for the glory and
honor of our state.

JUNIOR'S PSALM

Miss Stennis is my instructor, I shall
not pass. She maketh me to show my
ignorance before the whole class, she
giveth me more than I can study, she
lowereth my standing, yea, though I
pass through the path of knowledge,
I understand not. She throweth ques-
tions at me in the presence of my class-
mates. She annointed my head with di-
grace; My eyes turneth ever. So my
themes and tests shall follow me all the
days of my life, and I shall remain in
this school building forever.

"Granma Smith"

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

The members of the Sophomore class
are making rapid progress, and are
developing into real writers, and
not mere learners. We are also making
progress individually. Some of our mem-
bers who did not reach the point of suc-
cess during the first term, have
shown by their work for this term, that
they are improving and revealing the
truth in the well-known maxim, "Fail-
ure is but a stepstone to success." It has
been truly said by some great man that
we never stand still, that he either as-
cend or descend. We hope that we are
doing the former.

On December 11th 1923 our class
president called a business meeting and
all the members to the class met and
discussed different classes of our work.

As this week is Courtesy Week our
English teacher requested that we write
theme on courtesy. She also told us
that if one of them was exceptionally
good it would probably gain a place
into our school paper. The Radonian
our greatest desire is that one of our
themes get past the "censor."

We are very glad to note that our
class secretary, Fretta Hibbard, is re-
covering from an attack of pneumonia,
and we also appreciate the fact that our
sponsor, Mr. Boyd, who has also been
very ill is back with us again.

The football season has closed and
we have pleasant anticipations of some
interesting class games. We Sophomores
admitted by the seniors, expect to play
the Juniors and Freshmen at an early
date.

Henry—But, my dear, you know that
old proverb, "Love is blind."

Katherine—Yes, but the night is
not, so pull down the shades.

FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman class of the J. C. A. H. S. is progressing rapidly in overcoming its gaucherie. The Freshman went eleven per cent in subscribing for "The Radonian". We have made it through although we are still up to the ears in the conventional formalities.

The Freshman class of November 1921, is making a record in the subscription for "The Radonian". The Freshman class of November 1921, is making a record in the subscription for "The Radonian".

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Seoggins were hostesses at a lovely dinner party given in the Home Science rooms.

The table was decorated very attractively, the color scheme being yellow, the chrysanthemum idea was carried out. The dinner consisted of four courses.

Those present were Misses Anne Smith, Portie Foote, Maud Lewis, Earle Rowe and Mrs. Denham.

On November twenty-second the first group of senior girls, Misses Bessie Davis, Vela McKinley, Pauline Seoggins and Glavis Ridgeway were hostesses at a beautiful dinner party given at the Home Science cottage.

The table was decorated very beautifully and the dinner was served in four courses.

The guests for the evening were Messrs. C. C. Barwell, Gantler Strange, H. B. Adams and Cleveland B. Allen.

The senior living girls sold and donated all their money last week for the purpose of making a key for the Home Science building. They were very much interested in the amount raised.

Y. P. C. A.

The Y. P. C. A. held its first meeting on November 24th. The Y. P. C. A. is a very interesting organization and is well worth the attention of all.

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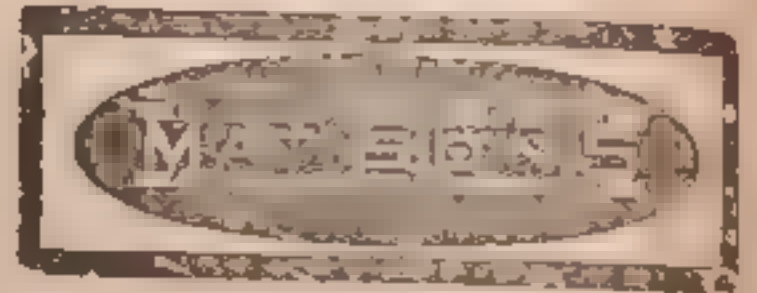
The Y. P. C. A. is a very interesting organization and is well worth the attention of all. The Y. P. C. A. is a very interesting organization and is well worth the attention of all.

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YOU BETTER

LAUREL, MISS.

they did not have time to prepare one. Group four did not give a program Sunday night, December 9, because the advisors, Messrs. Boyd and Moody were ill. Mrs. M. P. Bush, the directress asked the Hi Y girls to give a program for the benefit of the young people.

The subject was, "The Women of the Bible".

All the girls were dressed to represent the different women of the Bible.

1. Song—"More About Jesus"
2. Scripture—Celia Gandy.
3. Song—"Love Lifted Me"
4. Prayer—Mrs. Smith
5. Quartet—"He Slumbers Not"—Messrs. Eugene Bush, Pete McElreath and Misses Corinne Young and Gladys Murray.

6. "The Women of the Bible"
7. Closing Prayer—Mr. Bush

The program proved very impressive and helpful.

JUNIOR FEDERATED MUSIC CLUB AND NUMBERS

The Junior Federated Music Club held its latter meeting on Saturday evening at the Y. W. C. A. The attendance was ever so much larger than usual with the welcome addition of thirty new members.

A program of pastoral music was beautifully given. The feature treat of the evening and one that was entirely unexpected was the music by Mrs. Lela Buckley's chorus from the A. H. S. in Ellettsville. They contributed a company of of twenty or more splendid voices which were heard in two lovely choruses.

Quite a beautiful selection, "The Will O' The Wisp" was rendered by Eugene Bush on last Saturday night, December 8, at the Junior Federated Music Club in Laurel.

Laurel Leader

OPERAETTA

"THE WISHING WELL"

"The Wishing Well" is to be given on Tuesday night, December 18, 1923, in the auditorium of the Jones County A. H. S. at eight o'clock.

The admission will be thirty five and fifty cents.

Come early and get a front seat.

The Operaetta is fresh and a good color scheme of green and white will be carried out through the entire play. The

setting of the play is in the rose-garden of the Lady Mary Donnell.

The leading characters are:
 Sir Terence Fitzpatrick O'Grady
 -- -- -- Loy Montgomery
 Lady Mary Donnell -- -- --
 -- -- -- Annette Jordan
 Noreen, Lady Mary's maid -- -- --
 -- -- -- Elizabeth McElreath
 Squire Matthew Boxby -- -- --
 -- -- -- John Hubble
 Darby Duffy, an old servant at Manor -- -- --
 -- -- -- George Hear
 Nora, Darby's wife, and also a servant -- -- --
 -- -- -- Myrtice Meador
 Felix Murphy, a tight fisted money lending lawyer of Dublin -- -- --
 -- -- -- Victory Walters
 Kathleen O'Mara, maid at Falls Park Manor -- -- --
 -- -- -- Elmer Grace
 Maureen McGibney, designing coquette from Dublin -- -- --
 -- -- -- Virginia Clarke
 Molly O'Tool, a friend of Maureen's -- -- --
 -- -- -- Libran DeBaxtel

And a chorus consisting of eight boys and eight girls.

Story of the Play

Lady Mary Donnell is the last of an old, but impoverished family. She lives with a small niece, Noreen and her four servants, at the ancestral home of the Donnells, Falls Park Manor. Because of her financial reverses, Lady Mary has been forced to place a mortgage on her estate, and is having difficulty in meeting the payments.

Such is the situation when Nathan makes friends with a gentleman vagabond whom she finds asleep in the garden. The stranger gives his name as Terence O'More. He is in search of lodgings, and Lady Mary decides to accommodate him because of her need of money.

Adjoining the Donnell estate is Sutton Castle, the property of Squire Matthew Boxby, who wishes to marry Lady Mary. Mary believes him to be a really nearly bankrupt because of his gambling debts. Thinking of her own Mary's ignorance of matters and money a few hundred pounds on the deal he persuades her to sign a second mortgage. Mary however, believes she is merely signing over the first mortgage to him. She trusts him to complete the transaction with her lawyer, Felix Murphy, and gives Boxby the first mortgage which is due that day. She leaves that her financial worries are over for a while, as Boxby has urged her, in the

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SALES

Willard

SERVICE

Central Battery Company
 342 CENTRAL AVENUE

GREETINGS!

May this Christmas be a very happy one for you and may you be as good as party by yours all through the coming year.

JORDAN BROS.
 ELLETTSVILLE, MISS

JEWEL BOX

Last yesterday, somewhere between
sunrise and sunset, two golden hours,
each set with sixty diamond minutes.
No reward, for they are gone forever.
Horace Mann

I would rather be right than president.
—Henry Clay

I would rather be beaten in the right
than succeed in the wrong
—J. A. Garfield

Time neither time nor money from
a night, both are of equal value.
—Quarles

Nothing is politically right that is
morally wrong
—O'Conner

The man without a purpose is like
a ship without a rudder
—Carvle

Give me, if you can, if not, give
me the word
—Anon

I fear that man most who fears God

I am the moment which the
sun shines on

I am the man who will
succeed in a
cause that will
—Woodrow Wilson

People are all the day when all
live fraternally
and prosper
—Japanese Maxims

Let us not fear the day when all
live fraternally
and prosper
—Japanese Maxims

Let us not fear the day when all
live fraternally
and prosper
—Japanese Maxims

Let us not fear the day when all
live fraternally
and prosper
—Japanese Maxims

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Social Activities at the A. H. S.

Paul Veemon and His Cleveland
Symphonic Quintet—

Symphonie No. 1
Tues. evening, Dec. 11, 1923
No. 100 - 1st issue number

The Cleveland Symphony Quartet is a musical company whose purpose is to present the best in musical art in a way that it can be understood and enjoyed by all. This purpose was well carried out, because the audience was delighted, and this was the best musical company ever played on our stage. The quartet use two violins, viola, cello and organ and piano.

Mr. Paul Vernon, the manager, gave us brief talks between times, telling us something of each piece of music and its composition and about the different times and "variations." He also told us about the viola, a somewhat rare instrument. Mr. William Gray played a viola somewhat we enjoyed immensely.

The entire program was very much enjoyed by the audience and we are hoping that we will have the pleasure of having them play again.

Mr. Boyd Undergoes Operation for Appendicitis—

Mr. Charles Boyd, our well loved coach, underwent a very serious operation for appendicitis at the Maine General Hospital on Thursday, November 21. Mr. Boyd's presence was being greatly missed by faculty and students. We felt that had Mr. Boyd been able to coach his men for the Hattiesburg game the score would have been quite different. Mr. Boyd has done much to make our football men this year and he has given us some splendid football games this season. Mr. Boyd was able to begin his work again on Monday, December 10. We are greatly pleased to have him back with us.

Chief Strongheart—

The first number of our Lyceum for this year was a lecture "From Peace Pipe to War Trail" by Chief Strongheart, an American Indian. He appeared in traditional Indian dress, complete with moccasins.

Chief Strongheart speaks, acts and interprets the very life and soul of the Indian. He fascinated the audience with the dramatic portrayal of the customs and ways of his people. A "talk" from Chief Strongheart leaves an im-

pressure like stimulating and endur-

We learned mainly Chief Strong
heart's desire and hope we will have
the pleasure of having him again next
year.

Mr. Moody Absent on Account
of Illness—

Mr. Moody was absent from school for a week on account of illness. Mr. Moody's enthusiasm at the school was raised greatly by each member of the faculty and student body. Mr. Moody was absent during "exams" much to the sorrow of his Junior II geometry class. Because no way thing ever goes wrong or mixes up, Mr. Moody is the person that is called on to put it right again. To prove how much Mr. Moody is loved by the students, here is a remark that was made by one of the boys a few days ago. "If there was ever a man that I really loved besides my daddy, it is Mr. Moody." I am sure that is what the majority of the students think about our Mr. Moody.

He-Y Gives Lovely Party—

On Saturday evening Nov. 24th, the High girls entertained the student body and faculty with a love's party given in the reception hall at the girls dormitory. The hall was very prettily decorated with autumn leaves and was the scene of a most beautiful social gathering. Each person was required to bring some kind of fruit to be carried to the "poor house" as a Thanksgiving offering to the unfortunate.

Everyone participated in the well planned amusements for the evening, some of which were most entertaining. Progressive Remonies and Skipping. A prize had been awarded for the two persons that were the best and fastest "kippers," Linnie Edwards and Jenn Elliot would surely have captured the prize.

Many town boys and girls were present at this joyful occasion as well as all the dormitory students.

Everyone left praising the hosts for their hospitality and kindness during the evening.

On Dec. 1, 1921, we had our second Ex-
temp number. This was a musical
number given by the three Patton

Brothers T. & C. per. 1892
two years and 1893 per. 1894
and 1895 per. 1896 per. 1897
1898 per. 1899 per. 1900 per.

[illegible]

This afternoon, we were joined by a
 by all that had the opportunity of being
 ing present.

We are very sorry to lose our
school member, Mr. James Fox
Laurel. "Laurie" started playing
football as a freshman and was
star player. We are all very
grieved to hear of his death.
He had all the qualities of a
Laurel in the school and the
campus. He was a fine
one very gentle. He was
a person for our very
love and a fine
work and a fine
with all the
We
James
be the
have him

Mr. H. W. Wood
you can find the
account of the
We are glad to hear
Harry is in school. He does
very much. Each member of the
and the children we saw
tooth and all. We hope that
remain with us during the great
part of the year.

Miss France - Dear Sir - I am
the very obliged guest of Mr. M.
Lewis this week. Miss Lane in-
forms me that you are at A. H. S. and
near friends with a very pleasant
and pleasant office and also
always ready to assist in your
studies and wish that you were
more often.

We are delighted to have with us
other representative for A & M
League Mr. Gray who came on M

... Radoman a big suc-
cess

We are very happy to welcome Miss
P. ... back to school after
... weeks a ... account of seri-
... illness. She was missed greatly
... at "pep"
... as well as at football games

Mr. L. ... was the guest of Mr.
M. ... of Artesia, Miss., during
... They returned to school
... after having a most won-
... "Moley" says there is no
... "Heta, Sweet Home"

Mrs. Mabel ... and Kate
... of Laurel came down for the
... This evening. We were very
... to have these two attractive guest
... Laurel and hope they will find
... to visit again

Mr. C. L. ... was a very pleasant
... on Saturday and
... We are always glad to have
... and hope he will
... to visit us here of-
... again

Mrs. L. ... Williams, Virginia
... visited a la-
... at M. S. C. W. and A.
... Thanksgiving. They
... a most enjoyable
...

Later in the Thanksgiving
... in Taylorsville,
... returned to school on Mon-
... glad a lovely stay with
...

Mr. ... Frank ... at A.
... Mr. Clatter
... of the
... at A & M on "Dad's Day"

Mr. ... from her
... of Mrs. ... We
... due to return to
... greatly by all

... to the ...
... the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
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full force. Insure your Christmas shopp-
ings.

The Specialty Shop
W. M. HIGHT Prop.

NOT WORTH SHINGLING

A ball-headed man who made up in chatter what he lacked in hair, said to another man, "can you tell me why my head is so bald when other people about me have plenty of hair?"

"I don't know," was the smiling reply, "unless the reason given me by a farmer the other day would apply, that an empty barn is not worth shingling."

Ethel Bradshaw fainted Friday morning during the Senior program.

I wonder why?

Guess she got shocked at the behavior of John Alder and Priscilla.

Elizabeth Williams isn't as quiet as she used to be—the majority think she is falling in love.

Come on and dry the dishes.

—Leo Jordan.

Pearl Johnson—"No John, I am sure we couldn't be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything."

John Sharp—"But my dear girl, there has been many that died old maids from wanting their way."

Mother—"Johnny, what on earth do you mean by feeding the baby with yeast."

Johnny—"She swallowed a nickle, and I'm trying to make the dough rise."

"Colonel, do you remember the time you proposed to me and I refused you?"

"Madam, it is one moment in my life that I remember with the greatest pleasure."

One of Miss Jones' freshman pupils compared many, many—more many, most many.

Miss Eaton gave this assignment to her junior class: "Write an account of a high school graduation."

This was part of Hiram Skaggs' paper.

"The commencement exercises of class '23 were held at the Jones County A. H. S. June 1st. The address was given by Woodrow Wilson. The ones who received diplomas were Hiram Skaggs, Geo. Washington, Patrick Henry, Abraham Lincoln, Augustus Nutt, Barney Google, John Pershing,

Calvin Coolidge, Julius Caesar, Travis Scoggins, Napoleon Bonaparte, Abe Potash, Miss Maggie Jiggs, Cleopatra, Ptolemy and Ethel Barrymore." Who can check Hiram's imagination?

((Miss Stennis, watching a ball game from her class room window, yet warning her pupils, said) "Lennie' you must get to playing."

Miss Jones—to her freshman who neglected to hand in work: "You have been procrastinating."

Francis Eure—"Is that something to eat?"

Last Sunday afternoon Hazel Goodgame and one of her friends were taking an afternoon stroll when he happened to see a thousand-leg worm.

He—"I wish I had a thousand arms."

She—"Why, what in the world do you want with so many arms?"

He—"To hug you with."

She—"You don't use the two you have!"

One morning when we came out from breakfast, Mr. Smith was sowing grass seed on the campus. Miss Jones asked what he was planting. Miss Harris quietly remarked, "He is sowing wild oats."

When the Dr. examined Mr. Boyd, he asked, "what have you eaten today"

Mr. Boyd—"Oh, nothing, except ten or twelve apples."

Miss Stennis was studying her Bible lesson and read this statement, "Abram was ninety-nine years old when he changed his name to Abraham." Lifting her eyes, she said hopefully, "Oh, I'll not give up hopes yet."

When the youngest Patton brother embraced little Emma Katherine Smith, after the program, Mattie Lois said enviously, "oh, I wish I were Emma Katherine."

Miss Jones (in her freshman English class "compare the adjective cheap."

Freshman—"More sheep, most sheep and many sheep."

Pillsbury's pancake flour, the very best at every hour—Elma Cargile.

Miss Eaton assigned her Juniors this

work in their magazine lesson—writing advertisements in rhymes. She is expecting great poets from that class. Here are some of the verses.

Goodyear tires are always best
Save you time and give you rest—
Homer Lewis.

Through wintry chills and snowy blasts,
The Hudson Sedan flies through fast—
—Mattie L. Bradley.

Ivory soap for complexion, yes every day,
Gives you beauty for work or play,
People look on with admiration
And make this their declaration
"I will use ivory soap three times a day
And improve my complexion in every way."—Cecil Garner.

It is always understood
That the best is an Underwood—
Paul Graves.

A Buick for happiness, yes every day
Gives you something to do instead
Of wasting your time away.
You can see the world and thus gain knowledge
Along the lines not taught in college
If you want a car that is sure and safe
Get a Buick with four-wheel brakes
—Howard Collins.

When you're tired and weak and weary,
And feel that you could die,
Just have for your source of energy
The eating of mince-meat pie—Gaines
Bradley.

Come at Xmas time to the hotel La
salle
Where a hearty welcome awaits you
all—Louise Stevens.

Handsome Mr. Jollyco
Is playing do, re, me
He looks so sad and thoughtful
As his friends know him to be.
"How do you do it, Johnny?"
They ask, ere they depart
"Is it practice, talent or teacher.
Or is it, pray, just art?"
And Handsome Mr. Jollyco replies
"Oh no, Steinway pianos."—Elizabeth Williams.

EARLY CHURCHES AND
SCHOOLS IN MISSISSIPPI

Rev. J. B. Cain

The French settlers at Biloxi and Natchez were of course Catholic, as were the Spanish also. The five Protestant denominations of the early territory were Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians.

The first Protestant minister in Mississippi was Rev. Samuel Swayze, a Congregational, who came with his brother, Richard Swayze, from New Jersey in 1773 and settled on the Mopotomito river at Kingston, Adams county. The Swayzes, Kings, Coreys, and others maintained their worship for a number of years, but so far as the records show did not build a house of worship.

The first Baptist church in Mississippi was called Salem. It was situated on Coles Creek, near the present Stampley in Jefferson county. It was organized and a small building constructed about 1796. Richard Curtis was the first pastor.

The first Methodist church in Mississippi was organized by Tobias Gibson at the town of Washington in 1779, in a schoolhouse. The first members were Randall Gibson and Harriet McKenly, his wife, Caleb Worley, Edna Bullen, William and Rachael Foster and a colored man and women, both slaves. The first camp meeting in Mississippi was held on Clear Creek, two miles from Washington, by Lorenzo Dew and others.

Rev. Joseph Bullen organized the first Presbyterian church, also at Washington and called it by the name of the town. It was later changed to Salem and finally moved to Pine Ridge. Southwest Mississippi has from that time had many Presbyterian churches and members.

Somewhere in this period the first Episcopal church was organized by the Rev. Adam Cloud at or near the site of the present Episcopal church, Christ church, at Church Hill in Jefferson county. The Episcopalians as well as the Presbyterians and Methodists continue the original organizations.

There are three schools in the early history of the territory and state that stand out because of certain facts about them; namely, Jefferson college at Washington, Elizabeth Academy, also at

Washington, and Oakland college six miles from Rodney.

Jefferson college was chartered by the legislature of 1802 but seems not to have begun actual operations until 1811. It was situated on St. Catherine creek, just north of the town of Washington and probably within its limits. The first superintendent was a Rev. Mr. Stephens, who received a salary of \$3000 a year. The school has continued with the exception of a few years until the present time. The work done now is preparatory but the work of its earlier years was probably a mixture of college and preparatory work.

Oakland college was a school established by the Presbyterian church near the town of Rodney about 1830. The first president was the Rev. Jeremiah Chamberlain. Its first graduate was the Honorable James M. Smiley, who received probably the first degree ever given to a young man by a college in Mississippi. In 1871 the state purchased this school from the Presbyterian church, changed the name to Alcorn University, and established it as the State University and Agricultural and Mechanical college for negro students. The school is located in Claiborne county.

The buildings and grounds of Elizabeth Academy were donated to the Mississippi Conference of the Methodist church in 1818 by Miss Elizabeth Greenfield or Mrs. Elizabeth Roach and the school was named in her honor. The charter was granted by the legislature and approved by Governor Holmes early in 1819. The first board of trustees consisted of Daniel Rawlings, Alexander Covington, John Menefee, John W. Bryan, and Beverly R. Grayson. The first term began November 12, 1818. Chilion F. Stiles was the first president, followed by John C. Burruss, Benjamin M. Drake, James P. Thomas, Lewis Bryan, Bradford Frazee, R. D. Smith and Lewellen Campbell, who was its late president from 1841 until it closed a few years later. Mention should be made of Mrs. Jane B. Sander-son and Mrs. Caroline Matilda Thayer who served as governesses of the institution. Most of the presidents were Methodist ministers.

The degree granted by the school was that of Master of Science and this school no doubt gave the first degrees to women of any school in the United States and probably in the world. It is not known who was the first graduate,

though Miss Susan Magruder finished in the class of 1826 and the following in 1829: Miss Ann W. Boyd, Miss Susan Smith, Miss Mary C. Hewett, Mary J. Patterson, Miss Sarah R. C. and Miss Eliza A. Fox. Many women ladies were educated there, among Mrs. John Lane, Mrs. C. K. Mar- the wife of Bishop Hubbard H. K. augh, the mother of Colonel W. L. gent, the mother of Rev. T. L. M. and a host of others. Mrs. Martha Farrar of Kingston, Miss., is the surviving student of the school. Mary E. Norman of Washington, died in 1920, was also a student there.

DAFFODILS

When Mr. Bush taps the dining room bell, will Hazel Eat-on?

When Mr. Jones says, "who looks out this window?" will John Story?

When Myrtis Meador's hair is cut, does Olon Lovitt?

When the bell rings, is studying for Ma-na's Hobby?

When Miss Jones goes for a ride in a boat, will Miss Earle Rowe?

When John rides to town, does Clara Walk-er?

When Purvis played ball, did He call it a Goodgame?

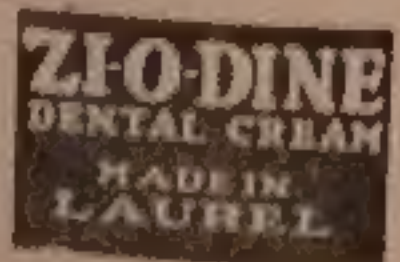
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When Laura fails to come, does Walter Cook?

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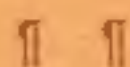
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